

(13) 15
Popish Fables,

**PROTESTANT TRUTHS,
AND**

Plot-Smotherers Displayed.

In a Satyrical

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Fly-blow, A TORY.

Swift-heel, A TANTIVY.

Flash, A BRUMECEUM.

See-well, A WHIGG.

Cross-Truth, A PAPIST.

*Sanguine fundata est, Ecclesia sanguine stetit,
Sanguine succrevit, sanguine finis erit.*



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Popish Papists

PROTESTANT TRUTH

THE

DIAL

BETWEEN

THE

PROTESTANT

AND

POPISH

TRUTH

AND

THE

THE PREFACE.

Notwithstanding the Providence of God, and the good success he has afforded from time to time, in the discovery and bringing to Justice those concern'd in the Popish Plot, and Death of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, yet such is the unparalleled impudence of the Popish Pamphleteers, the Observator, Heraclitus, Tompson, and the rest, that they would give God and Men the Lye, by insinuating into the minds of his Majesties Subjects, no such matter as a Popish Plot, but a real damnable Phanatical one; and that the Melancholly Gentleman killed himself. With what foreheads of Brass do these fellows also villify Parliaments, and squirt out reflections of the Justice of the Nation, where issues and event of things cross their hellish contrivances! Nay, so earnest are these Gentlemen to see their horrid Machinations take effect, and so raving mad that they come no sooner about, that unless a man will, to facilitate the way to his and his Countries ruine, give away the protection of himself, his Sovereign, (whom God preserve) and let them govern the Nation by their Measures, is a rank Phanatick and a Whig; and whatever opposes or layes open their blood-thirsty design, ipso momento turns Phanaticism, and Whiggism. So that I think these are the Magicians, that would turn Rods into Serpents, and Dust into Lice, and not the Parliament (as Roger would have it) that made him scamper to Holland. I cannot (without astonishment) behold the struglings in the womb of this Nation, occasioned by these Messengers of Hell, and his Unholiness the Pope, and his

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fat of this Northern Hereſie, as they call it, and Mother-Church triumph. How would it rejoyce them, I ſay, to behold ſo good a ſtep towards it, as a Popiſh Succeſſor to mount the Engliſh Throne! then hay boyes up go we indeed. But

Mr. L'Eſtrange Pa. Hodge, if you will believe him, tells you in in Maſquerade, p. 69. plain terms, that our fears of Popery and a Popiſh Succeſſor, and all the whole Plot againſt the King, Religion, and Government, is but a painted Lyon againſt a wall, and the proſecutors of it a real bed of Vipers; nay, that the only way to keep the Proteſtant Religion on the hinges, is to ſuffer a Popiſh Succeſſor to come to the Crown. He

Page 21. ibid. goes on and boldly tells you, This is enough (ſays he) to convince the world, that the very ſound of Popery will do the buſineſs, as well without ground as with it; and whoever goes to alarum the people upon this deſperate point; had need give good ſecurity for his Allegiance. Now I appeal to all the Tories, who ſo much admire the Author as a Defender of the King and his Laws, taking his words in mitiori ſenſu, whether they ſavour of any ſuch matter. Surely 'twas ſomewhat more than an empty ſound that convinced the world of the Popiſh Plot. The Kings Speeches, the Votes and Proceedings of ſeveral Parliaments, the death of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, and the Execution of ſo many Traytors, gave the world a ſatisfaction, which are grounds ſufficient, in my opinion, with ſubmiſſion to Mr. Popiſh L'E. but I perceive he would fain bring the people not to believe them ſuch; and that this Cautionmonger ſhould tell us, (after all theſe evident demonſtrations) that we muſt not dare however to ſay ſo, unleſs one carries a couple of houſe-keepers in our pocket, to be ſecurity for our Allegiance, is very Strange. Now I would fain have ſuch empty ſounds as theſe methinks for Mr. L'E's Phanatical Plot, and if he cannot ſhew us any ſuch, then I ſhould think he ought to give good ſecurity for his Allegiance; I am ſure he has ſufficiently alarm'd the people with the fears of one, but he whom carried on the Witneſſes Names him to be ef-

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feſted, the perſons Executed for it, and where the Army lay; he is Jack Twyford, knows nothing of the matter. The Law obliges no man to accuſe himſelf, or elſe if Mr. Obſerv. was but to be examin'd as to his innocence in that matter, I hardly think it would ſhine like the Sun at noon-day. Methinks in his Obſervators at their firſt coming out, he chalk'd out as fair a way to a Phanatical Plot, for the Iriſh O'Hones to walk in as may be; and then any Judicious Reader that has obſerv'd his Worſhip, may with half an eye behold him all along framing it; for firſt, his way is to fill the mind of the people with fears of a Republican Conſpiracy, by comparing the Proceedings of the laſt Parliaments with that of Forty One; inferring, that the meaſures and methods they took to diſcover the Popiſh Plot, and puniſh the Offenders, muſt unavoidably produce the ſame effect as that in Forty One; then he makes ſome Topical reflections on particular men that are in it; then tells us how probable it is: and if the Reader will be at the pains to view his Obſervations, and the Proceedings againſt his Lordſhip at the Old-Bailey, he will find, that the Witneſſes againſt the E. of S. walk in thoſe paths exactly; ſo that I find moſt wiſe and diſcerning men believe ſeveral of the Abortive ſhams, the Brats of his Brain only; others he has no doubt lick'd into ſhape too. Now I would aſk the Obſervator this queſtion, whether he thinks he can prove the paper call'd the Association, pretended to be found in the Earls Cloſet, to be of his Lordſhips drawing, as well as time will prove he had a hand in Tompſons Letters to Prance? I am apt to think not; and yet how does he and the reſt of the Popiſh hirelings, endeavour to improve it to his utter ruine? and yet methinks nothing ever appeared more improbable, than that his Lordſhip ſhould be concerned in a Proteſtant Plot, if we do but conſider the ways and methods he took to carry it on, and compare it with the Papiſts in theirs; firſt, the Papiſts apply themſelves to thoſe of their own Religion, whoſe circumſtances are mean in the world, but their Faith as ſtrong

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as Mustard ; to them its told, that they may advance their Fortunes, if they will, by undertaking a matter for the good of Holy-Church ; you may imagine his Religion, and the offers made them, are quickning Motives to their undertaking. 2. They Administer the Oaths of Secrefie. 3. The Sacrament in the strictest manner ; after these, they are minded of two Doctrines of their Church ; the first, that if they conceal all things communicated to them, they will infallibly be saved ; and on the contrary, if they re-

Vide Balrons Discovery.

veal it, then are they irrecoverably Damned : *all this matter being performed, ere they durst trust them, although of the same Church ; then they let them know their business, giving them an earnest-penny in hand. Now before I acquaint you with the E. of S. ways and methods, I crave leave to premise two things : 1. All mankind (nay, his very Enemies) will grant his Lordship is a discreet man, and not subject to rashness and folly, as many of his Quality are. 2. That he is not less versed in the Politicks and Laws of the Land than his Enemies the Papists and Tories are ; and if he were as ill a man as some would have him to be, a Plotter against his King and Countrey, yet surely his zeal could never hurry him beyond all the common rules of Safety. Well ! let us consider then his Lordships Method, why, because he would be above board with them, no sooner are they brought into his Lordships company, at first sight too, without any preliminary discourse, or giving them any Oath of Secrefie, Sacrament, Money, Saving or Damning Doctrine, That the Parliament was resolved to seize the King at Oxford, and bring him in-*
Vide the Proceedings at the Old-baily. *to London, &c. Truly I do not hear his Lordship ever offered to make them drink for their pains. But then suppose the E. had taken the good old Popish method, what assurance could his Lordship have, that these fellows had changed their Principles, and were become true Converts to the Protestant Religion, when their lives were as full of License, and their Practises as full of*

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Outrages as ever? In a word, what reason could his Lordship have to think they would be truer to him than to the Papists? and notwithstanding the improbability of these things, and the incoherence of the Evidence, yet how did the Popish Writers endeavour to improve it to his Lordships' name, by vindicating of the Irish-men, making them to be honest and credible Witnesses! and yet the Observator will not allow one of them to be a good Witness against himself, but abuses them in the highest manner imaginable. And when the Jury had found the Bill Ignoramus, how did they fret, foam, and better, abuse the Jury, affront every body that opposed their railings? No wonder! for frustration of expectation will make a wise man mad, and choke himself with his Neck-cloath, and a Coleman say, there's no Faith in man; but this point they reckon to have gain'd, by putting the Nation into a state of Abhorrence against that paper called the Association, pretended to be found in his Lordships' Closet, and so to Murder him that way. But to clear up his Lordships' innocence yet a little more, why did not the managers produce all persons that were in the Closet when the paper was seized, to have testified to the Jury some or one of them did not drop it there? Such a Negative would perhaps have put the matter a little more out of doubt, but that not being done, the contrary does not yet appear. So like was this Popish Stratagem, to that of Fitzharris Libel, (that one would think it cast in the same Mould) which was to be sent by the penny-post to the Protesting Lords, and the leading Members of the House of Commons, and then they were to be seized with those papers about them, and you may guess what was to follow.

These and many other courses did these Popish Blood-bounds take to obliterate their Damnable Plot, and to fix it on the Protestants: how have they endeavoured to stifle the Death of the worthy Knight, Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, by offering to prove him Felo-de-se: the Pope having lost his Credit by his death, that makes such a noise in the world, resolved they were to cancel it, either by turning it on the Protestants,

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or laying it at his own door; nay, any thing must be done to rub off the dirt, that has bespattered true Popish Catholics. Had not an unreasonable shower crost the recreations of those Popish Insects, Tomson, Farewel, and Pan at Council-Board, (which made them ready to quarrel with Heaven) where would their growing impudence have stop'd? There are Witnesses yet alive, that can prove a person very like Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, haled into Somerset-house instead of him, but was let go upon discovery he was not the man, with Volleys of Oaths and Curses they had then mist him; and as long as such fellows shall be suffered to do these things against the Records of a Nation, as long as trusty Hodge shall squirt out Scandalous and Seditious Pamphlets from the Press, defend the Church of Rome from the Doctrine of Deposing Kings, in a publick house, and at a dead list give a cast of his Office to a dying man, Administring to him Extream Unction, as he did to Capricorn, Father Evans (if it be true) escape out of a Pulpit into which he stole, the Crape gown-men in H. deprived of his Livings by the Bishop and Deacons, for being a Papist, another bug'd and imbraced at Salisbury for a Sermon Preached there, Mack Donalds Speech at Edinburgh sham'd upon the Whiggs, and Hodge take no notice of them nor their Actions, but vindicate them tooth and nail, from any thing that reflects on them, and yet be a True Protestant Defender, and not rather a Priest in Orders from Rome, I dare do Penance with Nebuchadnezzar.

Nay, so in love is he with the Popish Religion, that he ship-wrecked his brains over and over again, to defend the rejection of the Bill of Exclusion. So fond is he of a Popish Successor, that he labours with cheerfulness and arguments to prove, he must be an infallible Defender of the Protestant Religion and Laws; but I would ask Mr. L'E. what security besides his word he can give us, that if a Popish Successor comes to the Crown, that we shall enjoy our Religion, Lives, Liberties, and Estates, (for I dare not take his word.) But I will conclude with a story preached by a Religious man, being an Italian Prince.

I said, said he, my Lord, a strange vision last night, my thought the Earth open'd before me, and I distinctly lookt into the Center thereof, I considered the tormentments of the other life, and all that terrible train of Gods Justice, since which my imaginations is scarce well re-assim'd; amongst the wicked of the past ages, I knew many of these Detractors, Scurvellers, and Hypocrites, ran thither in great Troops, and crowded at the bann of this Gulp, but having observed in their Lives the visible marks of their reprobation, I thought it strange to see them arrive, whereto I had seen them march: what astonish'd me most extremely above all, was, that I perceived you there, my Lord, in this unhappy throng, which was at the brink of destruction; and even as I was thus affrighted and interdicted, by the novelty of so unexpected an Encounter, I cryed out to your Highness, is it possible that a man should Damn himself by praying to God, and that you should go to Hell; you, my Lord, that are one of the best and most Religious Princes in the world: wherunto your Highness answered me with a sigh, I do not go Father, but I am led thither.

Popish

Popish Fables, Protestant Truths,

A N D

Plot-Smotherers Displayed, &c.

Fly-blow. **T**Hese Whiggs are plaguy things, *Mr. Swift-beel*, they will defend Whiggism, or Reformation, (which you are pleased to call it) in spite of all our teeth, notwithstanding our manifold endeavours to the contrary. A man can't blow his Nose upon the Protestant Religion, nor wipe his Ass with a Parliament, nor walk about the streets with the Religion in fashion, but he is presently a down-right maintainer of Popery: nay, if he concerns himself with no Religion at all, but walks about with an empty Brain and Conscience, then he is a *Tory*, a *Brumegum*, a *Tantivie*, a what not? Bless us! what a vicious Age do we live in?

Swift-beel. That is not all, Sir, neither; if we sute but our disposition to sail fairly and evenly before the wind with power, and wear our Religion as we do our Cloaths, till the Mode alters, then these Tell-truths do sometimes catch us before we are down; but we'll *hecus pocus* 'um, and make 'em know the difference between a Fiddle and a Prayer-book.

Hark ye though, *Mr. Fly-blow*, by the by, let me ask you one civil question, What Religion may you be of? Are you a true Orthodox Catholick?

Fly-blow. Yes, and have taken my Degrees too.

Swift-beel. Where, at *St. Omers*?

Fly-blow. No, no, I'm a Protestant *at large*, by some call'd

call'd a *Tory* ; I can give my self a Dispensation to Swear, Lye, Whore, Game, and be Drunk, without the Popes help ; though upon occasion I am the Popes humble servant too.

Now pray don't be angry with me , if I ask you the same civil question you ask'd me ; Have you got any Religion ?

Swift heel. Yes, yes, I am a fashionable *Race-Protestant*, that is to say, a *Tantivy* ; I can run, I can ride at no rate, I can play at Leap-frog over Protestant Join'd-stools, I can dance a *Roman Antick*, and can slide over the Ice of Catholick Queries with a *Bon Grace*. But to explain it better, The Whiggs call all this riding Post to the Devil, and only because I am so well accomplished as to be able to write

Read Bishop
Halls no Peace
with Rome.

Books on behalf of the *Great Turk*, and the *Pope*, and to make Proposals for as good a *Re-union* with one as the other. Now I'll prove you by Logick, that all are Whiggs that are in opposition to the Church of *Rome* : For example,

The Church of *Rome* is the Truly Ancient Christian Church ; all those that oppose it, are enemies to the True Christian Church : Therefore all those that oppose the Church of *Rome*, are Whiggs.

Fly-blow. A solid Truth, a plain Demonstration. But pray tell me sincerely what a Whigg is ?

Swift-heel. That's according as we divide, subdivide, and re-subdivide it ; for there are several species of them : You must know that all Protestant Dissenters we call, in the first place Whiggs. Secondly, those that will not allow of a Protestant Plot are all Whiggs too : and so we (according to Ratiocination) have Church-Whiggs. And again, all those that won't believe there never was a Popish Plot, and that Sir *Edmond-bury Godfrey* kill'd himself after he was dead, they are Whiggs : and in fine, all that have not a small Veneration for the Triple Crown (now growing Modish) are Rank Whiggs.

Flash. Gentlemen, shall not I come in for a snack among ye? I have a *Puppet-show* of Religion in me too. Gentlemen, let me know what it is you'll be at? I'm for any thing in the world to please ye: would you have me a Papist? Gentlemen, your humble Servant: would you have me a Mahometan? Gentlemen, I'm yours. A Jew, a Heathen, a *No-Religion-man*, one that shall Fear God, and Honour the King, and do neither? Gentlemen I am for who bids most; I love to be Complaisant.

Fly-blow. Thou put'st me to a little kind of a puzzle: what art thou call'd? hast thou got never a Name as well as we?

Flash. Yes, yes, they tell me I am a, thin brass Protestant silver'd over; but for brevity sake though, they call me a *Brumecum*, which is my Christian name, but my Sirname is *Flash*. At present my Religion is built mostly upon Interest; if that can but make me *Rich* and *Great*, I have as much as I desire in this world, without putting my self to the trouble of a thought for the next. I'm just like a piece of soft wax, and can (as a Conscientious man should do) receive any impression of Religion that takes well with the Times.

Swift-beel. Very well, if we can but unanimously agree and circumvent the Whiggs, we do our business, and shall once again set his Holiness a Cock-horse upon his Mare *Albion*, till we tire the Jade with whip and spur, and make her bleed all over. Therefore it is first fit that with Sophistical printed Shams we amuze the Ignorant, and amaze the Wise, that with the Jesuitical Bellows of Contention, we may blow such a strife among them as may not easily be reconciled, and then come in our selves and seize the long-expected Prey.

Let us stop their ears, and close their eyes, and no question but we shall beget Consciences rotten enough among them to further our Designs; and that the irons

But to prevent a thorough blindness, read the 1st and 2^d Part of the Tory-Plot.

may heat red-hot, let us rub up old sores (like *Billingsgate*-scolds) and roar out Forty One and Forty Eight, which one would have believed had been buried in Oblivion ; these things will breed Jealousies enough among them ; and then using our Masters the Devils and the Popes Maxime, *Divide & impera*, Divide and Rule them, we whip in to teaze them.

Fly-blow. Aye, aye, let's whistle 'um once out of their senses, and make 'um believe that all honest Truths are Treason ; that the man in the Moon can't drink Claret without a pair of Spectacles on's nose ; that 'tis impossible to see wood for trees ; that *Jack Adams* was a Gentleman of high Extraction, and came in with the Conquerour ; and then as the Begger rowls with his Doxie in Straw, let us rowl in our beloved Forty one and Forty eight, till we cannot get out of it again : With these insatuating whimsies we'll lull asleep the Unthinking Crowd, and shut up the Popish Plot in a Dark Lanthorn.

Swift-heel. Aye, and then let us Hector all those that have had an unlucky hand in the Discovery of the Popish Plot, and ridicule them in *Farces* and *Plays* to render them visibly odious.

See-well. Yes, yes, these strong convincing Arguments you cannot be without.

Fly-blow. How now, Fellow, what are you ?

See-well. One that loves things should appear in their proper shapes and colours without any disguise : Those of your faculties say I'm a Whigg, and thereby you appear to be----- True Fire-balls, stufft with Roman Saw-dust.

Swift-heel. D----n ye, you Dog, are you a Whigg ? now I warrant you this Son of a whore would not drink the Devils and the Popes Health for the world.

Fly-blow. Are you a Whigg d'ye say ? pray get you gone out of our Company, we are no company for Whiggs.

Swift-beel. No, no, we'll make him stay, to serve him as we would have done the Fellow t'other day at the Horse-shoe Tavern.

See-well. Gentlemen, I fear you not, do your worst, it will make your Cause look but the more rusty; e'en let Mr. *Swift-beel* lay about him as long as he pleaseth, and let him still continue to play the Troublesom Lawyer, the Busie Statesman, and the Conscientious Divine, when Truth will at last shine him out of Countenance. Let every Sessions of Parliament make Mr. *Swift-beel* mend his pace, and troop off to *Terra Incognita*, and then let him when the question is asked him why he went, in a civil railing way, cry out, *He needs must go whom the Devil drives.*

*From these things sprung the horrid Story
Of Worry'd Whigg, and HecToring Tory.*

Swift-beel. You Rogue, I'll saw your wind-pipe, how dare you prate thus against Loyalty and true Religion?

See-well. Yes, yes, you are true Promoters of *True Religion* indeed, and *Loyalty* too, when under the mask of the latter, you endeavour to supplant both, to advance the Interest of *Rome*: it is easily seen without a Magnifying-glass.

But sure that gaudy painted Whore that hath so long been pepper'd with the Pox of Pride, Cruelty, and all the enormities that man may call Horrid and Superstitious, will never be Suffered to Spread her Pettycoats on English ground more; her Adorers have made her false Charms too loud a talk already, and her Antiquity which her humble Servants plead to prove her true blue, sheweth her to have been a *Jilt* so long, that now with her Stinking breath, she's grown old enough for baud.

Swift-beel. Sirrah, I'll have you up in my next weeks Pamphlet for talking at this rate, if You be not so kind to your self as to hold your peace.

Swift

Swift-beet. Sir, I ever was a freind to Truth, and shall never be afraid of you, nor ashamed of her ; and will therefore proceed for all your huffing. Another Instrument employed to Saw these corns of Division is, the merry Philosopher in a yellow Dublet ; he Trumpets it out, and is so pert and witty, that he allarms both Town and Country ; it fumes from his brain like powder-flashes, like ~~Alarm~~ *Alarm* fulmens ; it hisses and sings, it drolls and laughs, shuts Truth out at the back-door, hits nothing at all, but melts away invisibly into air at last.

Fly-blow. What a Whiggish Rogue this is ; it is not to be endured, he grows impudent, to abuse thus a whole Cabal of wits and *Sticklers* for the Church of *England* !

See-well. A Company of very pretty Church-Pillars ; there's one more too who now in's latter dayes had rather play at small game than stand out ; it is a thin brass Protestant too, God knows, and will write you any thing, on any side for his hire ; he hath a Steel witt, and a puff-paste Conscience. But that which encreaseth my wonder is, that his great Courage should from an overgrown Poet stoop to a paltry Pamphleteer ! that he should Heroickly cry down Truth, and put a gloss upon vice ! that he should talk of Loyalty to Princes, and of True Religion, when in the days of yore he car'd for neither.

Swift-beel. How rank this Rogue smells of Whiggism !

See-well. There's that blather of Wind too, *Russian Shallow-brain*, The *Loyal* Lyar, that hath blown himself into a Bulk that's monstrous, by getting lyes neatly dressed in Popish garments, and owning them afterwards for the froth of his own Brain. He can neither Slander nor Lye, but it must be in True *Pontificalibus* ; for put him but once out of that Road, and he's undone as a Monkey without a bauble to play with.

Swift-beel. Who is this you abuse thus, Sirrah ?

See-well. One that would fain be esteemed an Eminent

Cox-

Coxcomb, if you please; yet the Pope hath not thought him fit for a Plotter, because his Head is a little too light, being stuffed with Feathers in ^{stead} of Brains: But he is grown an excellent *Plot-Spoiler* for his Holiness, yet continues in his Grace and Favour, and serves indifferently well for a Scullion to turn the Spit while the Plot's a roasting, and hath had it most ingeniously put into his noddle to melt the Butter of the Popish Plot, to make it fit sauce for a Protestant Plot; a Meal-Tub is an As to this; he must be a better Conjuror than either *Fryar Bacon*, or Doctor *Fanstinus* was, to make a man kill himself twice; he may chance to find an Irish Evidence to swear to it in some by-corner of Hell, unless to save him that journey at present, he lights of two good ones in this world with bloody Consciences, and copper Faces cast in the Devils Mould, which one would think are, (or should be) scarce among professors of Christianity.

Fly-blow. Let's hear him no more, he's the Cursedst Whigg that ever talk'd with a Tongue.

Swift-beel. Yes, let's hear the Rogue, to laugh at him afterwards.

Flow-blow. Well, go on now with your Copper faces, if you can say any more.

See-well. Truly, truly, this *Russian Shallow-brain* is very much out, unless his Friend the Devil instructs him at another rate; shall such a low-bred Tool as he go to Arraign the Justice of a whole Nation? are men so senseless to think that such a lump of knavish Folly is able to fool them thus? No, no, prithee, good Shallow-brain, comb out thy hair, wash thy face and hands clean, and pull out thy handkerchif and blow thy nose; take good store of snuff, it will clear your head, and be sure meddle no more with things out of your Sphere, lest you grow not worth the value of a fit of Laughter; but drink good store of Coffee to settle your Brain a little; burn all your Intelligences, and then never fear Bedlam, man.

Swift-

Swift-beel. Pray what reason should he have to prove a certain person kill'd himself, unless it were true?

See-well. A great many : in the first place, golden Promises, with something of substance in hand. Secondly, it conjures the Popish Plot into the Red Sea, and presently raiseth a more conspicuous Protestant Plot. But I think Heaven (that will suffer no unjust thing) hath by this means opened the Jaws of that Beast the Popish Plot, a great deal wider to be look'd into, than it was before. But I am going to talk to you of Clock-work, and all long of this fellow. I tell you then that the little wheels of a Clock have their circular motion caused by the great wheels, which else of themselves could not in any manner move.

Flow-blow. What's this to the purpose? talk to us no more of your Clock-work, but get you gone out of our Company.

See-well. I will say but one thing more for the benefit of Mr. *Shallow-brain*, and then I am gone. It is something that may help to fill up his next Intelligence: but if you could, I would fain have you promise me for him it shall be his last.

Fly-Blow. We dare not undertake for him, but we'll endeavour to perswade him, therefore pray let us hear it.

See-well. You shall. About a fortnight or three weeks ago, as near as I can guess (write it down, that you may send it him by the Penny-Post) the Emperour of *Lapland* sent the French King Thirty thousand slow-pac'd *Lapland* Horses, in a Fleet of *Lapland* Egg-shells, to be landed at the mouth of the *Tyber*, and from thence to march and besiege the outside of the Walls of *Rome*.

Fly-blow. Well, we will tell him this News.

Cross truth. Now this Heretical Villain hath done, pray, Gentlemen, let me have a word with you.

Fly blow. What are you, Sir?

Cross-Truth. My Name is *Cross-Truth*, Gentlemen, and by Profession I am a *Rogan*, (I mean) a Roman Catholick.

See-well. That is to say, *A Titular Christian in Societie Nonsense*. And so your humble servant, adieu.

Swift-beel. I'm glad he's gone, Sir: I must crave the honour of an embrace from you, for none can rejoyce more in your good Company than my self.

Fly-blow. I honour him not onely for his accomplishments, but for the soundness of his Principles.

Cross-Truth. Gentlemen, I merit no part of these praises.

Swift-beel. We know what we say, Sir; but waving these Complements, let us retire to yonder cool Arbour, where we will entreat Mr. *Cross-Truth* to oblige us with some stories of his Travels.

Cross-Truth. With all my heart, Gentlemen, any thing to serve you; you know I am by birth a French-man, and I have made it my business to Travel many a thousand miles, to be a thorow-pac'd *Roman Catholick*; that a Whiff from a *Hugonots* breath, may neither disturb my Nostrils, my Brain, nor my Conscience.

Swift-beel. I'll assure you, Mr. *Cross-Truth*, we ever had a great respect and veneration for all those who are of your honest Principles, because we know you to be firm and resolute in what you undertake; nay, you are cryed up for the onely *Loyal* persons in a Christian Nation; besides, your way to Heaven is strowed with Roses and Violets, while the Hereticks Road is full of nothing but Thorns, Thistles, and Bryars; so that there's no travelling that Road without tearing ones cloaths, and scratching ones face and hands.

Cross-Truth. The Hereticks are the most grievous Sort of Infidels under the Sun and Moon; they laugh at our Sacred Miracles, and cry them down as so many Unsanctified Follies, and Comical Romances: But you shall see that by the strength of Catholick *simile's*, I will satisfie any man

that hath no scrupulous Conscience, and but a tolerable deal of Faith in him, laying aside that pernicious Book the Bible, (without which we can do nothing.) Now I will begin with a Simile for that: As to stare upon the Body of the Sun when it shines bright, will bereave you of your Sight, and disturb your Head ; so to read in that pestilent Book, will so blind the eyes of your Understanding, that you will gradually forsake Mother Church to turn a Northern Heretick, and so make hast to be damn'd. This excellent, Doctrine was preached in a Church at *Ronen* in my hearing.

Fly-blow. This is excellent indeed! Come, I know you are going to tell us something that's beyond it; pray proceed then.

Cross-truth. Know, there are eleven Miracles, to be considered in our Sacrament of the *Altar* (of which I shall reckon two or three, but not all) for them we can render no other reason than a few Simile's, which may serve indifferent well in lieu of *Loyal Queries*.

You know that the Bread in our *Eucharist* is daily Transubstantiated into the Body of God; and yet there is no augmentation or increasing in God.

I prove it by reason thus: If I know of any Secret, and divulge it to a great many, they then through my declaration know it too; yet in me alone, or in my mind, there's never the more Augmentation for that.

Another is this: The Body of God is daily received and eaten, yet no part is diminished thereby. I have a simile as right as my leg for that: If a thousand candles are lighted at my candle, my candle shall have never the less light for that.

I'll give you one or two more, and lock up the rest for another time: The Body of God, though it be taken and received of the wicked, is not therefore defiled: our Catholick Similie for it is this; The Sun, though it shines on a Dunghill, or any other unclean place, is not defiled or
made

made worse thereby : Know this too, that though the Bread be turned into the very substance of the Body of God, the accidents of the Bread still continue ; that is to say, the Weight, the Colour, the Taste and Smell. Now if any one will be so kind as to help us to a simile for this, they will oblige us much ; for as yet we have found none.

*Durandus in
Rationale Divi-
norum officiorum.*

What tho the Hereticks call this Doctrine monstrously Blasphemous and unreasonable ! if we say black is white, we ought to believe it, because the Church bids us do it.

Swift-heel. Could I pull off my Mask handsomly, and discover my self without danger, I should for my part be proud to own your Religion as the most true and ancient Doctrine : We may have good encouragement to promote it in this Northern spot, if we use but our endeavours to remove the Head of the Heretical power now in being, to make way for a good and famous Catholick Head, one that shall revenge the Wrongs those Hereticks have done us.

Cross-truth. By the means of our labour and industry we need never to fear our hopes will dye, as long as his Holiness Janizaries the Jesuits do but toyl and weary their Brains, together with his English Secretaries.

But to proceed again, if the Wine be frozen in the Chalice after the Priest hath turned it into God, he must breathe upon it (no matter whether his breath stinks or no) till it be melted and dissolved ; and if that will not do, let him throw some hot coals into't. He that hath received this Eucharist must also forbear to spit for a considerable time ; afterwards with his conveniency he may spit, but it must be where the spittle may not be trod upon ; as, in one of his Coat-pockets, or unbuttoning his Coat, into his bosom : if a woman, let her spit in her Turning-up-pettycoat ; for these are things of weight and moment, and ought to be maturely look'd in-
to

*Gulielmus
Dnr. in Rat.
di. offi. lib. 4.*

It must not be chewed neither as other meat is, but must be softened with a great deal of discretion both with the Tongue and Teeth, that there may not a crum stick upon the Teeth, for fear it should chance to be cast out with pitting.

Fly-blow. What man of sense could hear these admirable things, and be out of love with so good a Religion, where Miracles do every day confirm the truth of it?

Cross-truth. There are besides, several Penances that those Priests are to endure who through negligence let any of this blessed Bloud (as we call it) drop upon the floor, which if it so happens, he must lick it up with his Tongue too; or if he lets mice run away with the body of the God he hath made. I might descend to more particulars about this thing, were I not afraid of tiring your patience by being too Prolix; therefore I shall change the Scene, and discourse of that which is the prop to support the aking Head of our Church, as well as the greatest Comfort to the Souls of such as are deceased.

Swift-beek. I suppose, Sir, you mean *Purgatory*?

Cross-truth. The same; but whereabout it is, hath ever been a dispute among the most knowing of us: though truth hath a perfect harmony and no discord, yet it may be the pleasure of Heaven to conceal the place from us, for reasons which we are not to examine. Some are of opinion that there is but a Slit-deal divides Purgatory from Hell, and that they are both of a floor under the earth. Others again say, that it is not near Hell, but in the Air, near the body of the Sun, or the Torrid Zone; and that it is plac'd there for conveniency, for that it being near Heaven, the Souls may after they are purged immediately step over the Groundsell into Heaven, and save themselves the troublesome journey they would have had, had it been further off. There are also some that say it is neither near Heaven nor

In Longobardica Historia in Legenda aurea in vitis patrum.

Hell, but that the Souls are severally and diversly placed, some above, some below, some in the middle, every one as he deserves; and so accordingly some suffer more pain, and some less, according to their Crimes. Nay, the very motes and Atoms in the Sun, which are often seen moving in the Sun-beams in a Summers-day, are every one of them by some of our Learned Clergy believed to be Souls in Purgatory.

Fly-blow. What Excellent Divinity is this ! I could hear him discourse all day methinks.

Cross-truth. Now you must likewise know, that there are according to our Catholick Doctrine, three degrees of Souls that are departed ; as first, your *valde bonæ* Souls, that is to say, very good Souls. Secondly, your *valde malæ*, which are very bad ones : and lastly, your *mediocriter bonæ* ; that is to say, meanly or indifferently good.

Durand. in Rat. di. Offic. lib. 7.

The very good Souls go directly to Heaven, without giving themselves the trouble of calling at Purgatory by the way ; and consequently need no Masses to be said for them. Your very bad ones go directly to Hell, without the comfort of Purgatories burnings. The meanly good go to Purgatory, who for a good reward left in their Wills, or given in hand (perhaps half or all their Estate) after the Priest hath been terrifying them on their death-beds with the dreadful pains of Purgatory, which at that time induceth them to be the more liberal, (to be freed from such cruel Torments) they are glad to leave or give something to support the Church and Priesthood : then their sins are forgiven, and they by Expiatory Sacrifices are relieved and helped. But those that are poor, are for the most part forced to stay longer in Purgatory than the rich, for want of being goldenly devout to the Church ; and for the Souls that are meanly evil which go to Hell, our Religion hath found out ways to mitigate and lessen their

pains, that their Damnation may be more tolerable.

Fly-blow. Then according to your Doctrine the rich shall secure Heaven, and shut the poor out.

Cross-truth. Scoundrels, what should they do in such a dainty place? though our Crucified Lord saith, *It is easier for a Camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God*; Yet I believe his Holiness knoweth better things, for I look upon him to be the wiser of the two.

*Ex Missali
Manuscripto
Anno 1354.*

But I am now going to tell you a story about *Purgatory*: At a certain time when a *Gregory* was a Pope of *Rome*, he had a Mother whom he most intirely loved, and she was esteemed a woman endowed with the Vertue and Piety of Angels; but so it hapned, that through much importunitie, and secret perswasion, she was got with Child; and to save her holy Honour, when the time came, she murdered it. The same mischance hapned a second time, and she likewise murdered that, and some time after died, in the opinion of all that knew her, a very Pious and Religious woman. But it hapned on a certain time when this Pope was saying Mass, a thick darkness like a starless night appeared just by him, and in the midst of it he could discern a gasty Figure with a most miserable, lean, pale, and sorrowful countenance: The Pope having conjured and demanded what it was, it surprizingly answered, *O my dearly beloved Son, I am thy Mother.* The Pope was amazed, for he really thought his Mother had been gone to Heaven as round as a Juglers box, and took upon him the boldness plainly to tell her so; but she, without mincing her words, told him the whole truth of the matter, (for it was not for her interest to tell a lye then) and that she was in such pain, that the very Purgatory-flames came blazing out of her mouth; which the Pope saw well enough too, and was heartily troubled to see his Mother in such a condition, (for who could think

less?) and most civilly and dutifully asked her, whether any thing in the world could deliver her out of that pain? She told him that if any man will be so kind as to sing a Trental of Masses for her, she should be freed from pain, and go to Heaven without stop or stay. After the Pope had asked her what Masses they should be; and when she had told him, *Mother*, said he, *trouble your head no further, I'll do't*: so he commanded his Mother (which look'd a little odd) to meet him again at the very same time the year following: And indeed she obey'd her Sons Commands; for at that time when the Pope was singing Mass himself, he saw great Rays of light, and in the midst two Angels coming down to him with a beautiful Lady in a most Glorious apparel between them; at first he took her for the Queen of Heaven, and fell at her feet, crying out, *O Regina Celi, miserere anima matris meae*; *O Queen of Heaven, have mercy on my Mothers Soul*: but she cryed out, *Most dear Son, I am thy Mother, and am changed from what thou sawest me first, into this happy condition, and am going to Heaven with these two Heavenly Messengers. All this is done by the help of thy Masses and Prayers*: Know also, dear Son, that all those who may be under those Circumstances as I was, or let their Crimes be greater, yet shall they by those very Masses I desired you to say for me, be saved, even as I am. So not forgetting to give her Son thanks for his kindness, away she went.

Fly blow. There's nothing under Heaven comparable to the virtues of the Mass.

Swift-beel. No, nothing at all; therefore it is fit our inferior Clergy should be better instructed.

Cross-truth. But now, Gentlemen, I am going to make it appear to you, that Purgatory may be diversly placed, according to the will and pleasure of Heaven, in the following story.

On a certain time (but whether it was in Winter or Summer,

mer, I can't tell, for we don't stand upon seasons for a miracle; some Fishermen casting their Nets, took up a great piece of Ice, and it was beyond all other Ice in coldness; nay, the very heat of the Sun was not capable of melting any part of it. After a great Contest among them, they carried it to the *Bishop*, who had got a great burning heat in his foot, (now whether it was his right foot or his left, my Author doth not say): while he was admiring the extrem coldness of it, of a sudden a voice spoke thus to him out of the Ice; I am a Soul that suffereth Penance in this Ice, and I have no friends that will be so kind to say Masses for me. I shall be freed from my pain, and thy foot shall be cured, if thou wilt but say Mass for me. (This was but civil, for one good turn requires another, and it shews that there's some breeding in Purgatory.) So the Bishop took him at his word, and always when he said Mass, he laid the Ice under his foot, which by degrees melted till it was all consumed; so the Soul was delivered out of pain, and the Bishop was cured: and afterwards the Soul appeared to him, and told him, that by the help of his Masses he was got to Heaven; and I think it was extrem kindly done of him, to come out of it again to tell him so.

Swift beel. The more I hear of these stories, the better it confirms me in the good opinion I have of your Religion.

Cross-truth. Then I will tell you another very good one: there was a certain man whose house stood by the side of a Church-yard, so that his door opened to the Church; and it was his custom, that when he went out or in, to say a Prayer for all Christian souls; the same as we call *De Profundis*. Once as he was coming home, he hapned to be pursued by enemies: But coming to the Church-yard he kneeled down, and was going to his aforesaid Devotion, and his enemies were almost

most got at him, when most miraculously, and to manifest their gratitude to one that was so good to all Christian Souls, the dead bodies in a trice got all of them up out of their Graves; and each of them armed with the Instrument he usually worked with when he was alive; as the Baker with his Peal, the Smith with his Hammer, the Coach-man with his Whip, the Country-man with his Pitchfork, the Labourer with his Spade and Pickax, and the rest accordingly. In fine, they drove away the mans enemies, and were the cause of their becoming Converts, for ever after they would commonly pray for the deliverance of Souls out of Purgatory.

Fly-blow. Heaven is not so kind to manifest such Miracles to the Hereticks.

Cross-truth. No, no, they are the wretches that merit our Curses. But you shall hear one miraculous Purgatory-Story more, and then we'll shut up its Gates, and go somewhere else. There was a certain Knight who was going to a Battle, (attended with a Squire as I suppose) and had a kinsman he loved extremely, of whom he desired (if he hapned to be kill'd in the Fight) that he should sell his Horse, and distribute what he had for it among the poor to say prayers for all Christian souls. The Knight was kill'd as dead as a door-nail, and his Cousen having a great honour and respect for the Horse (whether it was for the horses own sake, or for his that it did belong to, I do not know) performed not the fighting Knights will, but took the horse to his own use. 'Tis said that in some time after, the Knight appeared to him (but whether it was he himself, or some body else in his cloaths, I cannot resolve you) but the thing that appeared had a voice which sounded in this manner to him: *For my horse I have been burning these eight dayes in Purgatory, and therefore the Vengeance of Heaven will light upon thee, this day thy Soul shall go to the Devils in hell,* (a damnable

fort of Comfort from a Couzen) *Et ego purgatus vado in Regnum Dei, and I Being purged go to the Kingdom of Heaven.* Now after what manner he came to be Purged, is a weighty dispute among the Learned; because we cannot hear what friend he had to stick by him in the world to say Masses for his Soul: But in fine, the cruel words were no sooner out of the unkind Couzens mouth, but the Devils made a horrible din and roaring in the Air; and at last carried this man away; but whether he was carried a foot or a horse-back my Author doth not say.

Swift-beel. These things are able to confound the most obstinate.

Cross-truth. Now, Gentlemen, I will give you a tast of the Wonders and Relicks I have seen and heard of in my Travels, as well in *Jerusalem* as in *Italy*.

In a Church called *L'Anunciade* in *Florence* are a great many Signs and Miracles done by the Intercession of the Virgin *Mary*, who is there invoked: and 'tis swallowed down for an infallible Truth among us Catholicks, That the Figure of the Virgin *Mary* set up to be prayed to in that Church, was done by *St. Lukes* own hand; though some boldly say that it was then when he had little else to do.

Parting once from *Sienna* I came to a Lake called *Bolsena*, and to a Castle that bears the same Name, where the Body of *St. Christina* is adored, who being cast into this Lake walked miraculously out again, and had no injury at all done to her; nay, some say her very Cloaths were not wetted. Had this Miracle been done in *England*, her Saintship might have been burned for a Witch perhaps.

In the very same place another Miracle hapned; the Consecrated Host or Wafer being held in the hand of a Priest who doubt whether it was the true Body of God or no, got of its own accord publicly out of his hands, and caper'd and jump'd from place to place upon some Marble.

Marble stones, where it left marks and signs of blood, which are to be seen at this day.

Swift-beel. But was you never at Rome, Sir?

Cross-truth. Yes, and I am going to tell you what I saw there.

Swift-beel. Did you see his Holiness?

Cross-truth. Yes sure, or else I had been an undutiful Son to Mother-Church; And by and by I will give you a Relation of the Order and Ceremonies used when his Holiness goes to Chappel and about the City: But first let me proceed to give you an account of the Miracles and Relicks to be seen and done there.

Upon Mount *Aventine* in Rome is the Church of Saint *Alexis*, wherein is the Image of the Virgin *Mary*, which Image once spoke to a Prior (but in what Language I know not) who for want of true Catholick breeding most uncivilly denyed the afore said Saint entrance: the words it spoke were these: *Open and let Alexis enter, for he is worthy of the Kingdom of Heaven.*

Upon Mount *Viminal* stands the Church of St. *Laurence*, where all clear-sighted people that come there, may see (if they can) a piece of the Gridiron upon which he was broyled. And in the Church of St. *Jean de Latran* you may both see and feel the Chains (nay, and believe 'um to be so too, if you will) that Saint *John* the *Evangelist* was bound with, when he was carried from *Ephesus* to Rome; together with an old Coat of his, that raised three persons from the dead.

My Lord *Villiamont* Knight of the Order of St. *John* of *Jerusalem*, and Gentleman Extraordinary to the French King, Anno 1620.

Translated from the French.

And you may likewise see some of the Virgin *Mary's* old Cloaths, with a Shirt she made for her Son; and some of the wood of the Cross whereon Christ suffered. Adjoyning to the Church is a Chappel wherein are a multitude of Relicks, as the Altar that St. *John* the *Baptist* had

then he was in the Desert: *Moses Rod*; and *Aaron's Pa-*
oral Staff: *Moses Rod* is also to be seen in several other
 places in the world, but no matter for that.

Fly-blows. By visiting these blessed Relicks, I suppose
 you gain Pardons and Indulgences.

Cross-truth. Yes; and I will now step into the Holy
 Land, and give you an account of some of them.

The Pope alloweth us for visiting the Chappel in *Jeru-*
salem, where Saint *John the Evangelist* (as we say) Cele-
 brated the Mass of our Lady, Pardons and Indul-
 gences for seven years.

We have allowed us at Mount *Cebulary*, where the Cross
 was planted, and our Saviour Crucified, a Plenary In-
 dulgences.

For visiting the Temple of *Solomon*, where we say the
Virgin Mary had her breeding and education, (a Plenary
 Indulgence.

In *Herod's* house, where our Saviour was reviled, the
 same, and the same at the *Virgin Mary's* own house.

Fly-blows. But how do you know these to be such and
 such places and things?

Cross-truth. By the very countenance of them, by our
 holy Traditions; because the Church tyes up our Faith
 in them, and by the wonderful and manifold Miracles that
 are daily wrought in those places. But to satisfy your
 Curiosities further,

There is in the Holy Land a whitish and glutinous sort
 of Earth, with which the *Grecians*, and other of those
 Eastern Nations, make *Crowns* and *Pater Nosters* to sell to
 Pilgrims. And this is the very self-same Earth wherewith
 God Almighty made our first Father Saint *Adam*.

Swift-beck. Pray who made him a Saint?

Cross-truth. I may be mistaken, but I think I am not,
 for if he is not, he ought to be one; pray why may not
 he be a Saint as well as Saint *Valentine*, St. *Orson*, and St

Paradiso at Rome? However, I will look over my Calendar of Saints by and by, and then I will give you full satisfaction.

But pray let's make no more digressions. As I was coming from *Jerusalem*, I went to see a City called *Baruth*, situated by the Sea, and there I saw a Chappel where the Jews once scourged and crucified a Crucifix, which feeling the blows it received, fell most miraculously a bleeding (whether the Crucifix was made of wood or stone, I have forgot) but it converted the Jews, and turned them into Roman Catholicks of the True Stamp; and the Blood which came from the wooden or stone Images wounds was most carefully gathered up, and sent as a precious Relick to divers parts of *Christendom*, where it had the power to heal a great many sorts of Diseases. Nay, not far from this City is the very place where Saint *George* killed the Dragon (whose History is most excellently compiled in your English Penny-volumes) that would have devoured the King of *Baruths* Daughter: together with the Cave wherein the Dragon dwelt, and the Ditch wherein he was put after he was killed, where his precious Bones are to be seen to this day.

There was once in the Gulph of *Satellia*, through which I sailed, a Monster that made the Seas so rough and stormy, that all Ships were drowned that ventured to pass that way; which story coming to the knowledge of her Ladyship Saint *Helena*, as she was going to *Jerusalem* she threw one of the Nails into the Sea that had fastned our Saviour to the Cross, so that by the help of her Prayers, and the virtue of that Nail, the Monster died, and (as we say) the Sea hath never been so tempestuous since.

Now having given you a succinct account of many eminent and notorious wonders relating to our Catholick Church, I shall here cut off that discourse, because I would not trouble your ears too much with one thing, and re-
late

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late to you in what pious *Grandeur* the Most Holy and Right Reverend Head of our Church is Christianly honoured and adored by all holy Catholicks.

This is he, that hath the two mighty Swords, the Temporal and Spiritual.

This is he, who is more Infallible, and whose Word is more a Law, than the word of any Saviour, Angel, he or the Saint whatsoever.

What my eyes have seen, this Paper will particularly inform you; and to satisfy your Curiosity, be pleased to read it.

Swift-beel. Sir, your most obliged Servant, I will read it out, that these other Gentlemen may hear it :

A True Relation of the Order and Ceremonies used when His Holiness is conveyed about the City of Rome, and when he goeth to the Church of St. Peter.

His Pages and others of his Domestick Servants apparelled in his Livery march first, leading a Lone Horse; a Mule and a Horse-litter followeth, carried by two little white Mules well harnessed, and adorned with Crimson velvet, as is the first horse and mule. Then the Switzers of his Guard march two and two, followed by some of his Noblemen and Cavaliers well mounted: Afterwards comes his Officers and Chamberlains on horse back, wearing square Caps. Then comes he that bears the Cross before his Holiness, and the Master of the Ceremonies, who, as he goeth, cryeth out, *Abassa, Abassa*, that is to say, Down, Gentlemen, fall down, to give notice to every body to put their knee to the ground, that in that most humble posture they may be ready to receive the Divine Blessing of their Spiritual Mortal God and holy Father the Pope: Who being in his Horse-litter covered with Crimson velvet, scorns to be nice of his precious Benediction, but throws it away to all

all the crowd about him. On each side of his Litter walk two Pages bare headed, as well to conduct and guide the Mules that carry him, as to be ready to receive his Commands when he hath occasion. After these comes the Cardinals mounted on their Mules most gallantly accoutred, who are followed by the Archbishops, the Bishops, and other eminent Officers of the Clergy: His Light-horsemen bring up the Rere, who are well mounted and armed. In this order being come to his Palace-gate, he turns about to the people, and in giving them leave to depart, is also very bountiful again in bestowing his Blessing on them.

But when his Holiness goeth to *St. Peters Church*, then there's a great deal more to do.

All the Cardinals (who are above fifty) go to wait on him at his Palace, from whence in couples they march to take their places in the Church. His Holiness comes next seated in a kind of a Chair of State or moving Throne, beautified with Crimson-velvet, and his Triple Crown on his head sparkling with precious Stones; and he is carried on the shoulders of eight men dressed in Red. There walks also on each side of him a man in Red, who have each of them a sort of Fan in his hand, fastned to the end of a gilded Staff, composed of Feathers plucked from the most curious Birds. Being carried in this pomp, four of his Trumpets continue to sound till he hath taken his Seat in the Church, which is raised upon six steps; where when he is mounted, every one very formally according to his degree and quality takes his place.

After a great many ceremonies are past, the Cardinals go to render their obedience to his Holiness, by kissing the right side of his Gope (for there it is they always kiss, the Bishops his knee, and all the rest of the Christian world (if they will) his Pantofle;) so he that is to make the short Sermon, is brought to the Popes feet to kiss his Pantofle.

to the or Slipper, and receive the comfort of his Blessing before he sets his foot in the Pulpit. Then the Cardinal that saith Mass, approacheth the Altar to make ready the Incense, which is afterwards given to the Pope, and all the Cardinals with a great deal of Ceremony; for he that receives first, makes a reverend bow to his Neighbour Cardinal, the second to the third, the third to the fourth, and so it goes as round as a hoop, thorow them all; (now whether they bow thus for Devotion, or to show their Manners, I cannot tell) and after the sound of *Pax tecum* is gone round to one another, and the Mass being done, the Pope gives them his Blessing once more, and then returns to his Palace, in the same manner he came from it.

Cross-Truth. Now Gentlemen I imagine you begin to be tired, and the Sun is set, so that I believe it will be necessary to reserve the rest for another time, and walk in before the dew falls too fast upon us.

Swift-heel. More for your own ease than ours, we submit to you in this, as we are ready to do in every thing else: for such pleasant truths can tire none but insipid Hereticks.

See-well. A Hodge-Podge of very pretty truths indeed, 'tis just like Mr. *Swift-heel's* chopping of rusty Logick; and what can be expected from the fundament of a Jesuit but such Excrements? as I stood behind the Arbour, Gentlemen, I had the honour to hear all your admirable Miracles, but I had no power to conceal my self longer.

Swift-heel. Is he come again to torment us? what an unheard-of impudence is this? Sir, I have a good mind to break your pate with my Fiddle.

See-well. What would you make a Musical pate on't, and fill it full of Crotchets and Quavers like your own? you are grown too old to fight, unless you make your Pen your Quarter-staff; and with that you play but false strokes too, you never hit the substantial part of any thing, but like

like the brushing of a mans cloaths, you move onely about the out-side.

Swift-beel. What, you would infer from this, that I leave the most material part of any thing unanswered, and onely pick out what may serve a **Turn*, &c.

* To prove this, peruse that ingenious piece The Character of a Popish Successor.

See well. Yes; and for excuse your Admirers cry for you, you enter the Lists every week, so that 'tis impossible for a man of your business to be so exact. And what is this mighty *business, but to make sophistical Traps to catch Tory-woodcocks in?

You are according to the Rules of Jesuitism to raise feuds and heats among people, to aggravate and screw things to such a pitch, that you and your gang may be ready to be upon the catch to pick holes in the Whiggs coats. You are sometimes to rail, and make a grievous noise, to wrest and tear the letter of the Law from its true sense and meaning, as your Masters the Papists do the Law of God. The Torrent of Reason you are to turn a quite contrary way; you are to pretend to know an Authors meaning by his gaping, yet explain it otherwise.

Swift-beel. How do you prove these things?

See well. In time it may be made fully appear: you in opprobrious Language (which had it been used to Carmen might have passed perhaps) have endeavoured to sully Stars of the first Magnitude. But when the Sun shined strongly and powerfully upon them, then you beheld them (and dared not to do otherwise) with an awful Reverence, and joyful Admiration. And now when apoysonous Vapor, raised from the Popes stinking common Shores, deprives them of the Suns Light, you basely spurn at those could once have made you tremble; and to render them odious, use the fine terms of Rabble, nay, which is worse, Fools, Fops, Puppies and Rebels.

Swift-beel. I deny all these things, I never said them in

my life ; I have a good mind to take the Eucharist upon it
too.

See-well. You are too full of talk to gain all the world
to your side ; yet you have taught your Pupils the Tories
to cry out every where, The Whiggs Cause goeth down
apace, it is almost broke ; which is in plain terms to say,
that Protestantism in general shall gradually be extirpated,
and Legal, Loyal, Strict, Uncorrupted, Sacred, Trium-
phant, and Infalible Popery shine upon us like the light of
a Rush-candle.

Swift-beel. Sir, how dare you go to explain our mea-
ning ? I say the Whiggs Cause shall go down right or
wrong.

Had not your saucyness interrupted us, we had been
gone out of the Garden before now.

See-well. Gentlemen, I'll be your hindrance no longer ;
only give me leave as we are walking out to tell you a
Jewish story.

Swift-beel. With all our hearts, we will have so much
patience for once.

See-well. It hath some semblance with your Golden-Le-
gend Miracles, therefore you would do well to get it inser-
ted ; no doubt but it may pass as well as the rest.

At the sound of a certain Trumpet the Jews are all to be
gathered together in the Holy-land, and there they are to
make a great Feast ; among other prodigious meats that
are to be served up at this Banquet, is a great Bird, (and I
think my Author saith it is to be roasted, but I dare not be
positive in it). This great Bird laid an Egg so big, that by
chance tumbling out of its Nest knocked down Three
hundred tall Cedars, and breaking as it fell, drowned one
hundred and threescore Villages, (my Author doth not
say where the Nest was built) but the Bird stood up to
the knees in the Sea, and the Sea was so deep that a hat-
chet would not fall to the bottom in seven years. There's

an end of my story, and so farewell, for I know you don't like my Company, and I care as little for yours.

AN APPENDIX.

This After-clap should not have appear'd, had we not (since these sheets were in the Press) heard how notorious a Villain *Nat Mar-Plot* hath made himself.

It is very strange that Fools should lead Knaves the way, when Knaves have shewn Fools a track to follow, ever since the Popish Plot grew first in fashion: If there be any such thing in nature as a *Reasonable Tory*, that thing must certainly think, there is somewhat more than the empty Shadow of a Popish Plot, by *Nat Mar-Plot's* spoyling of it, (tho it was too obstinate to be convinced by the discovery of the whole Kingdom before) and that the Jesuits, who ever delighted to get drunk with swallowing State-sippits, have some little reason now to look black in the mouth, to shrub up their shoulders, and cast down their heads: This it is for that Renowned faculty to employ Fools in their Cause. Now let any man that hath but the sense of hearing (which is but one of the five) tell me, whether the Stomach of Englishmen can digest such a Lump of Blood and Nonsense, as *Rome* and its Jesuitical Throng, have in all ages, and in most places, restlessly Administred. No, no, as long as they have hearts and hands, they can never endure a Roman Yoke; and what they still drive at is seen with a wink, by the business of this Insipid Fop: but it was Heavens pleasure they should employ such a Tool, to the end they might be infatuated in the very midst of their damnable Projects; that a Current of blood might be stop'd, which was going to be let out of our Veins: For had not the guilt of these Witnesses betrayed them in the face of Justice, and had they gone on in their Show, and been believed, the Consequence had
with

without doubt been bloody, and the Northern Hereticks
(as they are pleased to term them) should once again have
wallowed in their own gore. In the next Plot though
perhaps they may endeavour to make some amends; for
they'll neere grow weary till they have had their Loan both
above board and below. What an Age do we live in?
When no man shall be esteemed a good Patriot, but he that
either smuts his eyes at the Designs of Rome, or boldly
gives them encouragement. That Englishmen should
endeavour to make Raves of themselves to that
Scarier Monster of Rome, is a Riddle not to be
concocted, but he being sensible that they have long
been sick Sinners in their very Persons.

Sir Francis Bacon saith, That in all Su-
perstitions a little fellow goes; which is
the Devil. And I think that the late Comet
was; and it may be said indeed that the late Comet
hath a wonderful influence upon some parts of Europe,
when we see Reason trampled under foot in our own
Country, the Protestant Religion begun to be made a
May-game, Folly and applause, and a Nation endeavour
to destroy it self in its own bowels.

I wonder whether Ned and his Associates have learned
so much Confidence as to blush or to shew any sign of
Guilt for what they have been employed to do, or whe-
ther he is not kicked out of the Cabal for betraying them
like a fool as he was.

If he would be so kind now as to make his Courtiers,
and let his Majesty and the Nation know the wiser Brains
that set a Shallow brain to work; it would in some mea-
sure mitigate the injury he hath done to his King and
Country; but the purchase is too great o'th' other side, I
fear Rome would not fail to hinder a man from Repentance;
and so let her, till she hath buried her self in her own
Ruines.

F I N I S.

J. B.